

LETTERS

OF THE

REV. JOHN CHAMBERS

ADDRESSED TO

HON. HARLAN INGRAM,
RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, ESQ.,
GEN. GEO. W. BOWMAN,

AND TO

The Democratic Members of the Legislature.

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LETTERS

TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATURE, &c.

THE history of this pamphlet can be told in few words. At the commencement of the session of the Legislature, a bill was introduced by Mr. A. B. Johnson of Bucks Co., to repeal *unconditionally* the Act passed a year ago, to "RESTRAIN THE SALE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS." This Act, whatever may be its merits or its demerits, had been in operation scarcely more than *ninety* days—a space quite too brief to form an intelligent, satisfactory opinion as to its *practical* and beneficent working. It was assailed by the Juggers and the Jugites, large and small, high and low—from the disgusting, filthy drunkard who reels and staggers in Bedford and Small streets, to those who sit on velvet cushions and dose away their inebriation on costly lounges in Chestnut street. Everywhere it was denounced and stigmatized with the most opprobrious epithets by those whose avarice was checked and whose appetites were in danger of being restrained. "JUG LAW! JUG LAW!" was vociferated by thousands, when they were so far "over seas" that they could not tell the difference between a jug and a hogshead. Only some ninety days had elapsed since this despised Act had been in force when the Legislature met, and in the plenitude of their wisdom, proceeded at once to its *unconditional* repeal. The manifold and terrible evils this law was designed to lessen and gradually remove, are of a growth of more than one hundred years. Their ramifications are almost endless, and their blighting, devastating effects are *felt* in every circle, large or small, over the entire State. The deadly Upas has been nourished and protected by *legislative* favor for more than a century. It has towered high, and spread wide its branches, till there is not a neighborhood in the extent of our Commonwealth that has not experienced its blighting power. NINETY days were allowed to reform the abuses of a century, and because drunkenness had not disappeared in this brief space, a fierce onset

was made by grave legislators upon a measure cautiously and honestly adopted to abate, at least, the multiplied evils which flow from our drinking resorts.

This precipitate and determined action of the Legislature was calculated to awaken public concern. I confess that I felt the more grieved and mortified, because it was universally known, that the lower branch where this movement originated, has a large Democratic majority. I was unwilling to believe that the party to which I have always belonged, is, as has often been represented, "the rag and rum party." I wanted the Legislature to pursue such a course that this stigma would be wiped away. I knew the eyes of the community were upon them. Every member from Philadelphia, save two, were elected by the Democratic party. The Democrats were justly to be held responsible for hasty, unwise, ill-advised, and hurtful legislation. And yet *every Democrat from this City* went in *pell mell*, just as the Liquor League instructed them, for the repeal of our "restraining law." But this was not all. When Messrs. MORRIS and DOCK, who worthily represent the sober, industrious, business portion of the community, appealed to their colleagues not to commit such an atrocity, but with the repeal of the law to bring forward some reasonable measure of relief and reform, their appeal was disregarded and treated with contempt. They seemed to regard nothing, and to care for nothing but to render themselves acceptable to the Liquor League, and secure their approbation. In this, they have probably succeeded, for they have shown themselves valiant in fighting their battle. The Liquor League should treat these men with great kindness and consideration, for I am sure they will never find more faithful, obedient servants.

At length the vote was taken on the *unconditional* repeal of our "restraining law," and *every Democratic member from this City voted for it*. When the news came, I was mortified and ashamed, and gave expression to my righteous indignation in the following letter—more truthful than refined and classical, I admit. It was the outburst of my feelings at the time. I had no thought of its publication, but after all I have no regrets or apology to make. It was a rude, rugged commentary upon an inexcusable atrocity, perpetrated at the bidding of a class, banded together to maintain a traffic which has not one redeeming feature to save it from universal reprobation. It was characterizing a bad thing by the use of language which exhibited my deep abhorrence of the duplicity, treachery, and recklessness of, at least, *some* of those who were instrumental in bringing it about.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN CHAMBERS TO A MEMBER OF
THE LEGISLATURE.

The following letter has been placed in our hands for publication, and though it is a week old, it will keep for many months to come without spoiling. We regret to say that the rebuke which the reverend writer administers to the Democrats is fully merited, and that as a party, they show themselves the persistent enemies of all effective temperance reform. Omitting the name of the gentleman of the House of Representatives to whom it was addressed, the letter reads thus:—*Editor of the Daily Sun.*

PHILADELPHIA, January 24, 1856.

My Dear Friend—I see from the papers that the DEMOCRATS have passed to second reading a bill to repeal the Restraining Liquor Law, and it is expected to-day the bill will pass the House of Representatives.

Now, let me propose to you and through you to our party, that they forthwith pass a bill requiring the county commissioners of each county in the State to have erected, or placed at all the cross-roads, a trough with a half a dozen or more mugs chained fast; and those troughs well and constantly supplied with rum and lager, that the thirsty whisky-drinking Democrats may have their fill. The county need not be at the expense of fencing in the troughs, for there is not a *hog* in the old Keystone so far lost to respect for his honorable *hogship*, as to put his snout within more than smelling distance of the vile drug.

It does seem to me as though the DEMOCRATS were resolved that all the *evils* of intemperance *shall* be entailed upon this land perpetually. It is to me most galling and mortifying that the political party which I consider the true party of the country, should so identify itself with RUM, RAGS, and RUIN. My dear sir, I most deeply regret that you, as a FATHER, and a good citizen, should lend your influence to this vile traffic. It matters not, in my judgment, how much of the rumsellers' money may pass from their pockets to those of the Democratic members. Now, allow me to ask you, as an honest, clever fellow, have *you ever* known *any good* results to the individual, the family, or the community, from rum-drinking? Give me *one* example in which rum-drinking has reformed *one* man? For thirty years I have been asking for this example, but thus far in vain. Will you do me the favor to ask the Democratic members for *one* example? I ask it from the DEMOCRATIC

members of the Legislature, because it is evident to *all* who will see, that they are the friends of rum, and that rum is *their* friend. Surely they can say something good of their old friend. I presume Hughy will have High Mass performed for all the precious whisky-loving souls in the Legislature. I trust in God that there is humanity enough in the Senate to stay the burning wrongs of the House.

Yours truly,

JOHN CHAMBERS.

After the repeal of the law by democratic votes, it was sent to the Senate for concurrence, but in that body a sudden and effectual check was put upon the hopes and plans of the *faithful* friends of liquor selling and dram drinking. The Hon. N. B. BROWNE planted himself upon the firm foundation of truth, and bid defiance to the Liquor League and their host of satellites. Mr. BROWNE was a thorn in the side of his Democratic brethren in the other branch. Threats could not alarm, or promises allure him from the straight path of right and duty. He stood like a rock, breasting the storm which howled so fiercely around him, and he not only stood at his post, but he has come off conqueror.

These fierce Democrats of the bogus stamp, when they saw the glitter of "Ithuriel's spear," quivered, and their knees smote together, and they

"Stood abashed to see
How awful goodness is."

Mr. BROWNE was more than a match for all of them, because he had reason and truth and right on his side. Mr. BROWNE is small in stature, but he is *great* in firmness, integrity and moral courage. You may as well move Gibraltar as to induce him to swerve from what he regards the plain path of duty. He is the kind of Democrat that I want to see multiplied, but these whisky fellows that can scent a rum-shop half a mile off, I have no fellowship with.

The Hon. Wm. M. Piatt, Speaker of the Senate, the Hon. Messrs. JAMIESON, WHERRY, HOGG and KNOX, Democrats of blessed memory, stood by his side, fought and triumphed with him. I should speak of the Hon. ELI K. PRICE, the Hon. WM. CRABB, and the Hon. HENRY C. PRATT, all good men and true, in the hard battle which has been fought, were it not that my special object is to deal with my Democratic brethren. I trust they will take it kindly, but kindly or unkindly, they shall have what they deserve. There is no use in mincing matters.

A whisky-advocating, whisky-loving Democrat is a bogus concern, without one spark of true Democracy in him. He is like chaff among the wheat, like base counterfeits among true coin, a sham and a shame among true men.

As proof, clear, conclusive, and positive, that the Democratic members in the House from this city were willing and anxious to deluge the community with "rum and lager," it is only necessary to refer to their *recorded* votes in the final passage of Mr. BROWNE's bill on Saturday the 29th of March. *Every one of them voted against it*, showing themselves the *undisguised* advocates of dram-shops and doggeries. Mr. Speaker WRIGHT improved the occasion to let off one of his pop-guns aimed at Mr. BROWNE. He said this calamity had fallen upon them in consequence of his pertinacity—that he ought to have had more respect for his colleagues than to have persisted in a course so unwise and injurious. "RESPECT FOR HIS COLLEAGUES!!" The less the better, Mr. WRIGHT, so far as this subject is concerned. Mr. BROWNE would have lost the respect of the community in just the proportion in which he had paid respect to his colleagues. Why, Sir, if you and all your Democratic colleagues should get into one side of the scale, and Mr. BROWNE into the other, you would kick the beam like a flash. He has proved himself more than a match for you all in a well fought battle, and stands on an eminence so high above you all, that if you should begin *to-day* to climb up after him, you would all be older than Methusalah before you could reach him. "RESPECT FOR HIS COLLEAGUES!" Let them show some respect for themselves, some respect for the interests of the community, before they claim respect from others. Such a man as RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT assailing N. B. BROWNE! It is like a Liliputian attacking a giant, or a tadpole making war upon an elephant. You, and your *illustrious* colleagues banded together, can do Mr. BROWNE no more harm in this community than the millet that blusters and pecks at the soaring eagle. Poor little thing, it don't know its own insignificance. I will spare you the application.

Don't begin to swear now. I know you feel like it, but hold up, for you have already got enough on your consciences to crush better and stronger men than you are. I feel it in my bones and marrow to tell you the truth, and you've got to hear me. I know very well that you will try to get up a muss and drive me from the Democratic ranks. But you may save yourselves the time and trouble. I shall stay in, if for no other reason than to ferret out and expose such spurious specimens of Democracy as you have proved yourselves to be. You are the

men to leave the Democratic ranks, not I. Go where you *rightfully* belong, to the RUMOCRACY. You have disgraced our party long enough. Hie away, and all the *blue* spirits and *fiery* spirits go with you. A happy riddance, and let all good Democrats say, Amen.

Messrs. McClure & Sellers, proprietors of the Harrisburg Telegraph, in their issue of Tuesday last, speak of Mr. Browne and his bill, in highly complimentary and flattering terms. It is the more complimentary when it is borne in mind that they are *political* opponents of Mr. Browne. They say:—"The effect of this bill will be to diminish largely the number of drinking places in the State existing before the passage of the law of last session—to place the keepers of them under a more direct accountability—to require them to pay an increased sum for the privilege given—to furnish increased security that the power conferred will not be as grossly abused as heretofore, and generally to restrict the traffic to a narrower limit, and to a better class of men than have, in the mass enjoyed it. That Mr. Browne has been able thus far to represent the temperance interest in the action of the Legislature, is a fact on which he has a right to felicitate himself. No prouder Legislative victory has ever been recorded in our annals. He has triumphed over his party, over an almost unparalleled majority in the popular branch, over a combination representing large pecuniary interests, over a turbulent and abusive and restless interest, and has wrung from unwilling hands the most restrictive license system ever enacted in this Commonwealth."

The *Hon.* HARLAN INGRAM, a member of the Senate from this city, saw fit, deeply to my regret, to array himself against Mr. BROWNE, and to give what "aid and comfort" he could to the Liquor League. He made a speech, and set up the best defence he could for the drinking customs of the times. The rumsellers, I presume, thought it a masterly production, as it appeared in the *advertising* columns of the Public Ledger. But after all, it was a mere flash in the pan. It was a *labored* effort to do something, but it proved a *splendid* failure. The facts were distorted, the logic lame and limping, and the entire reasoning was sophistical, erroneous and unsatisfactory. He misrepresents the history of the measure which he calls "the crowning act of destruction to the cause of Temperance." It was, he says, "perpetrated by those who professed to be its friends." Construing this language strictly, it cannot be denied, but that in this he is right. Its professed friends, but really its secret enemies, carried that measure. They were such friends as the Senator is himself. They professed to be the friends of Tem-

perance, they applauded it with their lips, but they advocated and passed laws for its destruction.

But the Senator means by what he says, that the Temperance men procured the passage of the law of 1849. He is in error. There was then a bill before the Legislature, and the Temperance men submitted another, to be substituted for all of that bill after the enacting clause. I have the proposed substitute now before me. It was rejected, through the influence and exertions of the *jug-lers*, *jug-ers* and *jug-ees*, its enemies. The law that was passed was the very opposite of the one desired by the Temperance men, and it was passed against the personal and public remonstrances of the State Temperance Society. The bill, as reported, after the rejection of the offered substitute, was so altered, patched, mangled and changed, as to leave scarcely a vestige of the original remaining, and no sign of its parentage, and in that state it was imposed upon the public. The same kind of effort, by the same sort of league, with more exertion and more money, is now made for the same purpose. The Senator may safely be challenged to show a single name of a Temperance man to any memorial in favor of the law of 1849, or in favor of any law like it.

He falls into another error when he speaks of the "political Temperance party," for, in 1849, the Temperance men were not organized as a political party. His discovery of the existence of such a party at that time is quite as remarkable as his discovery of a Temperance man in a *respectable* brewer.

The Senator seems to think that the law of 1849 caused the adulteration of liquors, and that unadulterated liquors do not produce drunkenness and its consequences. It has heretofore been generally supposed that not the law, but the dealers, adulterated alcoholic beverages, and that adulterated or not, their use would produce intoxication, disease and demoralization. Does he mean to say that the law which licensed the free sale of rum, excused, or was meant to excuse, the dishonest, not to say wicked, addition of a worse poison to an already sufficiently vile poison, to be poured in fraud into human stomachs?

The responsibility, moral and social, upon those who manufacture, those who sell, and those who advocate the continuance of the sale of rum as a beverage, is not lessened, but increased by the fact, that in proportion to its freedom the evils become greater. Nor are the consequences less injurious to the tax payer, to the drunkard and his family, when pure, and not drugged, liquor is the cause of intemperance. The public evils are the same.

It is a low grade of morality which the liquor dealers set up, that in proportion to the liberty given them to sell pure liquors as a beverage, they may dose the public with poisonous drugs, be innocent of the crime, and charge it upon the law. It is a confession that the trade requires severe restraint, for the general good. If restrained, it is because it is an evil. If licensed, it is because the evils are to be confined to certain limits. To license is to say that so much mischief may be done, but no more. We do not think it necessary to license farmers.

I read Mr. INGRAM'S speech, and addressed to him the following letter :

PHILADELPHIA, February 21, 1856.

Hon. Harlan Ingram.—*My Dear Sir,*—I have read your speech delivered in the Senate, on the 12th inst., on the repeal of the Restraining Liquor Law. I also read the speech of the Hon. Judge WILKINS, and other distinguished gentlemen of the Senate. As I proceeded, line by line through the speeches, I earnestly sought to find in one or the other, or all together, a single argument in favor either of the manufacture, sale or use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; but from necessity or choice you have not said the first word in favor of the business in one form or another.

True, you have denounced some of the ministers of religion—stigmatised many of the Temperance men as fanatics, and all of you, as a sort of a salvo, I presume, denounced drunkenness in the most unmeasured terms. But where, let me ask, is your consistency in railing at drunkards, and yet defending the accursed traffic by which drunkards are made? If you condemn the *effect*, does not consistency require you to condemn the *cause*? What is all this but battling on the side of drunkenness? for it is folly to say that it is not the side you are on; for surely a man of your high intelligence will not pretend to deny that just so long as intoxicating liquors are to be had as a beverage, drunkenness and its fearful catalogue of evils will prevail. Facts on this subject are a great deal better than fine spun theories or sham logic.

Prove, if you can, that liquor drinking is a benefit to the individual, the family, the community, the church, or the State. Let the members of the Senate and the House, who are in favor of the liquor business, hold a meeting; make the venerable Judge Wilkins chairman; compare notes, and see from the appalling facts connected with the liquor business during the past one hundred years, if the protection and perpetuation of this traffic is worthy of the earnest efforts of grave Senators

and wise legislators! Point out in how many instances the use of intoxicating liquor has reformed the abandoned; how many worthless husbands have been restored to their broken-hearted wives and worse than fatherless children, by their use! How many widowed mothers in Pennsylvania have had cause, morning and evening, to thank God for the *practical* influence of the bar-room upon their prodigal sons! Set forth the beneficent effects of tippling houses and dram drinking, upon which you and many of our Democratic friends are throwing your legislative smiles! Tell us how much our prisons have been depopulated, and how many felons have been saved from the halter by our delectable dram shops!

Come, my brother Democrats of the Senate and the House, give us some cheering statistics in regard to the delicious fruits of the rum traffic. Has the sale of intoxicating liquors reduced taxation *one* mill, or decreased the number of paupers, except by consigning to an early and dishonored grave the bloated carcases of the miserable victims of rum?

My dear sir, I deeply lament that you and the great body of Democratic members in the Senate and the House should have espoused the cause of the Liquor League, a combination as infamous as the object they seek to accomplish is wicked. What an opportunity you had to prove that democracy is the sum of equal rights, the cause of the widow and the orphan, the cause of virtue and good morals, and is not affiliated, as its enemies have often represented, with riot, rowdiness and rum! Attempt to palliate liquor selling and dram drinking. It is the source of all villanies; "the winding sheet of souls;" the frightful vortex where young men and old men—where husbands, fathers and sons are eventually swallowed up. Look at your associate in the Senate, N. B. BROWNE, Esq.; what a noble example has he furnished of intelligence, independence, patriotism and moral courage! He stands on a pinnacle, so high above the whisky-advocating Democrats, that they would have to look sharp through Sir Isaac Newton's great telescope to see his fair proportions and manly stature. He has reared for himself an enduring monument, upon which will be inscribed: *The friend of the People, the true Patriot, the enlightened Statesman, the honest Senator.* You might have done the same; nay, you can yet hold a place of equal honor, influence and respectability, if you will break loose from the iron fetters of the Liquor League. Do it, my dear sir, at any cost; do it if you have to pluck out a right eye, or cut off a right hand; do it for the honor of Democracy; above all, do it for the sake of bleeding virtue and suffering humanity, and the

thousands who are tempted and destroyed by the worm of the still.

Yours, truly,

JOHN CHAMBERS.

Not far from this period, Gen. GEORGE W. BOWMAN, editor of the Bedford Gazette, saw fit, as he had a right, to review my first letter. He did it with a good deal of severity, as the following will *convincingly* show.

“Above will be found a letter purporting to have been written by the Rev. JOHN CHAMBERS, which we publish as one of the *extraordinary* productions of the age, and to *prove* that the man who gets drunk on *fanaticism* is a more deplorable object than the man who gets drunk on Parker whisky! More *intemperate* language than that employed by Mr. CHAMBERS, in this epistle, could not emanate from the most confirmed drunkard in the State; and its effect upon the public mind will do more injury to the cause of Temperance, than Mr. C. can do good should he be permitted, to live, to lecture, and write on this subject for the next fifty years. Because this reverend gentleman cannot carry his *extreme* measures on the subject of temperance, he *recommends* that the Legislature pass a bill *requiring* the commissioners to erect *troughs* at all the cross-roads in the State, and *fill them with whisky* for the use of *Democrats*, whom he denominates as below the *hog* species!

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“In the above letter, Mr. CHAMBERS most cordially *invites* the *contempt* of every Democrat in Pennsylvania; and, if he is not gratified in his request, it will be owing to the good sense of the people, and not to any wisdom to be found in the letter recorded above.”

I replied to Gen. BOWMAN in the following letter, which, if it is less caustic and severe than his strictures, is more to my taste. The General is a man of too high character, and too many noble traits to be found apologizing for the pernicious, destructive rum traffic. Come, my dear General, on to the side of Temperance openly, frankly, and squarely, where, *by right*, you belong. Pet the liquor sellers as much as you may, you cannot make decent men of them. They are the chief manufacturers of wife-whippers, swelled-heads, maniacs, fist-fighters, paupers, and man-slayers. All these things, General, you abhor as much as I do, and yet rum-selling *makes them all*.

PHILADELPHIA, March 10th, 1856.

Gen. G. W. Bowman—I received a marked copy of the Bedford Gazette, containing my letter of the 20th of January, addressed to a member of the Legislature, with your comments upon the same. I thank you for having put before your readers the truths contained in that letter, however rudely set forth; you have aided our cause, and helped to rebuke the whisky-loving Democrats. The letter, when written, was not designed for publication, but was the sudden and honest outpouring of indignation, to find the Democracy of Philadelphia, as represented in the House, bound hand and foot, and sold to the "Liquor League." The letter happened to be seen by a strong enemy of the "Juggers" and the "Jugites," a most ardent friend of God, temperance, and correct principles, and by his agency it found its way into print.

I have no regrets to express or apologies to offer for its publication. It is the truth, however rugged and however offensive to the Jugites. You, my dear sir, know; every honest man in the State knows and feels; every Democrat, not sold into the bands of the Liquor League, regrets that the party born of the loftiest parentage, of the union of humanity with principle, which God himself has enunciated, has been defiled by the embrace, last fall, of the rum-power of Pennsylvania. The fruits of the iniquity are to be found in the votes of the members of the House, upon the bill to repeal the Restraining Law of last session. I tell you, General, that there are thousands of the noblest Democrats in this State, who are not only indignant, but who repudiate the union with the rum-power, and as free men, having the right of free speech, will not be gagged, over-ridden, or put down. Hard words will not conquer them; the cry of "*fanatic*" will not intimidate them, and nothing but an honest and quick return to the true principles of our party will prevent their outcry in the ears of all the people.

You will remember, sir, and not mistake the fact—that we had no vote last fall upon the Restraining Law, but the year before the people voted upon Prohibition. Philadelphia, by some five thousand majority proclaimed to all the world her disgust of the liquor traffic, and it will not do to call the union of the Juggers and Jugites with the Democracy, such an expression of the popular will in this city as to justify the votes of the representatives of Democracy in the House of Representatives. I can tell you, General, that many of the noblest Democrats here, are heartily sick of the Juggers—that they are determined that these fellows shall be unhorsed, and they

will exert an open and determined opposition to the farther rule of the Liquor League. I appeal to you, sir, if it is not a burning disgrace—a brand of infamy, that a great party shall be so entangled and so wronged. To see well educated, intelligent, respectable Democrats, prostrate before some miserable, blaspheming, Sabbath-breaking, law despising rum-sucker, who could not spell *whisky* if you were to give him the State, is enough to arouse the slumbering manhood of the most greedy office-hunter, and to make high-toned gentlemen turn with disgust from the polls. At the crack of the whip of the Liquor League is the whole Democratic party expected to enter upon the rum course, and to do its best for success? Pardon me, but that is the road to ultimate ruin and disgrace, as well for parties as for men. The whole thing is bad, irredeemably bad; and no casuistry can make it better, or deceive the people for a single year. If a sworn divorce is not consummated, the present organization of the Democracy is prostrate in this State. When a man loses his self-respect, he is ruined; and so when a party drifts from the moorings of high principles and allies itself for expediency sake to falsehood and shame, the knell of its fate has already sounded! Purge the Democratic party of Pennsylvania of this foul alliance, and we shall sweep the State this fall like an avalanche—omit to do it, and we are disgraced as well as beaten.

Now I ask you, General, not as a citizen only, but as a member of a Christian church—which you are: How is it, that a man may make rum, sell rum, get drunk on rum, beggar himself and family by the use of rum, and blast his prospects for time and eternity by rum,—and there is not a word of reproach, and no charge of fanaticism? It matters not how many families they impoverish or destroy, how many wives' and widows' hearts may be broken, how many of our noble youth may be ruined forever—it is not Democratic to oppose all this certain misery! It is anti-republican and awfully unconstitutional, to prevent those invaluable auxiliaries of poverty, crime, and death, from carrying on their pernicious business. What a farce is all this which a great party attempts to play before the calm scrutiny of the masses? There is no man, however steeped in rum, that does not in his secret heart know better. But the moment the Temperance Democrats (and thank God their name is legion in any well-defined issue in this matter,) attempt to stay the burning tide of death, we are denounced as fools, fanatics, and madmen!

And yet, on the side of law and order, virtue, good morals, and religion, stand the large body of these denounced men,

while party papers throw up their caps in favor of the violators of the law, and openly cheer its daily infraction. We think we have reason to be proud of our position and of our company. Tell us, General, when and where have the Temperance men of this State set the law at defiance? Was it in the time of the Whisky-Boys, when General Washington had to put down insurrection by the fear of bayonets? Or in our own day, who but the Rumite sets at defiance the Sunday Law and the Restraining Law? Come, General, speak out—let us have the facts. I know from the delightful chats I have had with you that your judgment and conscience are with us. You cannot as a good citizen, father, and Christian, support the Juggers—you condemn the whole tribe of Jugites in the most unmeasured terms. Truth is eternal—tell your readers what you think. In the long run, candid speaking is the most profitable; and you will find in an approving conscience a larger reward for honest dealing, than in any number of drunken huzzas from the Liquor League. I have no doubt but that before a year goes by, you will be willing to forego all gratification that the article would then afford you, for the small matter of never having written it. Should I see you at Bedford this summer, we will go over the matter in a friendly way, and comparing the past—in the light of your article with that time, we shall see who has anchored upon sound principles.

So much upon the question generally, upon which we appear so much to differ—and now for a few plain words, upon what relates to me personally. Did you think, my dear General, that your words would carry any terror to my breast when you wrote the following foolish sentence? “Mr. Chambers most cordially *invites* the *contempt* of every Democrat (*whisky Democrat?*) in Pennsylvania—and if he is not gratified in his request it will be owing to *the good sense of the people*, and not in any wisdom to be found in the letter.” You will pardon me, sir, but the last thing on earth that I court, is the favor of the satellites of the Liquor League. Their “contempt” is the highest form of their recognition to which I aspire. Even the fierce and fiery ordeal to which your editorial subjects my letter, rather inspires me with a prouder feeling, for having done my duty in a plain, blunt way. There is so much in your comments to show that your self-consciousness in the *truth* of what I say, interferes with your logic to make out a case for the rum-power, that I pity the man as much as I scorn the cause he endeavors to uphold. That was very tough writing, my dear General—that leader of yours; and its italics, though very plentiful, do not strengthen its arguments—though they point

a moral. The saddest of all sights is to see a strong man sinking in the mire, and hastening his own death by his own struggles.

Democracy, General, may well cry out "Save me from such defenders." If the banner of the Liquor League is raised over the fortress, the present defenders of her stronghold are traitors indeed. I have not so learned Democracy, and it must please even you, sir, to know that thousands who act with me believe that Democracy will survive the treachery of last fall, which is so lamely defended and so badly white-washed in your columns. Sir, I was born a Democrat, have lived all my life a Democrat—and, with the help of God, will die one. The truth of our principles will survive the vile stab of the friends of the rum-power. The first vote I ever cast was for that model of a man and a Democrat, ANDREW JACKSON. His opinion of liquor drinking was not so exalted as yours. I shall never forget an evening spent in the White House with the old Chieftain, at which time I introduced three of my boys to him. When he found that they would not touch or taste wine, the glorious old man rose and put his hands upon their heads and said: "God bless you, my lads, and keep you forever in such a purpose—follow in this course and you are safe. *It is more than twenty years since I drank a glass of liquor!*" There is a sentence worthy of italics; study it, my dear General. Now I am a Jackson Democrat, and a Jackson temperance man; and there are thousands who stand in that circle, to whom the "contempt" of the Jugites, outside of it, is as harmless as the slander of a disunion Abolitionist, or the anathema of a foresworn Know Nothing. They do not throw off their pure Democracy like an old garment, to cover themselves with the rags of the rum-seller. They feel that "the common good of the common brotherhood"—"the greatest good of the greatest number"—are cardinal maxims of Democracy, and they do not believe that legal protection to a *few* rum-sellers, that *many* may be ruined, is the proper interpretation of the creed. They deny the authority of the new expounders, and ignore their doctrines. I go in for the Democracy of ANDREW JACKSON, and with such noble examples of its teachings as are shown in the public life of such men as N. B. Browne, of the Senate, and the Speaker of that body, in contrast to the slaves of the Liquor League in the other branch of the Legislature. You have a right to your choice, General, and I have a right to mine. The planks of my platform are of Hickory—the creed is "the eternal principles of *Truth*," and "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

I will thank you for a copy of your paper containing this letter.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN CHAMBERS.

Gen. BOWMAN, in noticing my letter in his paper, March 21st, said, among other things, what follows :

“In the *Gazette* of Feb. 29, we published, with surprise and mortification, a letter written by the Rev. John Chambers, of Philadelphia, in which he proposes that the Pennsylvania Legislature forthwith pass a law ‘REQUIRING the Commissioners of each county to have erected, and placed at all the cross-roads, a TROUGH with a half dozen or more mugs chained fast, and these troughs WELL and CONSTANTLY supplied with RUM and LAGER, that the thirsty whisky Democrats may have their fill.’ The Rev. gentleman also intimates, in language too plain to be misunderstood, that all who refuse to bow before the idol of Temperance Fanaticism, are beneath the HOG species—and that the House of Representatives, in repealing the Jug Law, were influenced in the performance of the act by the MONEY of the rum-sellers, a charge unsupported by the presentation of a single fact. To this letter we took exception, as being devoid of that dignity and candor which should ever characterize the conduct of those who minister in holy things, and commented upon it as our judgment dictated to be right. In discharging this duty, we avoided saying anything harsh of Mr. Chambers, personally, and simply pointed out the gross absurdities and inconsistencies thus put upon record by a gentleman for whom we have always entertained an exalted regard, and who possesses gifts, both natural and acquired, which entitle him to rank with the most eminent Divines in the land. A giant in intellect, and the admiration of the country at large as an orator, it gave us pain, and no pleasure, to review the unseemly letter alluded to.”

The last paragraph I receive as a sort of *healing* plaster for the terrible excoriations to which I was subjected in the first article from the General. It was generous to speak a kind word of a man who had been pummeled so severely.

The House Bill, as sent to the Senate, was disagreed to, as I have said, by a decisive vote. On consultation by the friends of Temperance in that body, it was thought best that a stringent license law should be prepared to take the place of our “restraining law,” especially as the Hon. Judge WILKINS was known to have in readiness, a license bill of a very exception-

able, lax character, which he intended to bring forward for the consideration of the Senate. The Hon. N. B. BROWNE was selected to prepare this bill. In the mean time, Judge WILKINS had introduced his bill, and after considerable discussion, Mr. BROWNE moved that the bill he had prepared be substituted for the one introduced by Judge WILKINS. This, of course, brought the comparative merits of the two bills before the Senate. The discussion was long, earnest, and able, and when the final vote was taken, Mr. BROWNE'S bill was adopted—19 to 11.

This bill has many strong points. As a license law, it is as stringent, guarded, and effective as any, perhaps, that could be framed. At the same time, I do not hesitate to say what Mr. BROWNE said in his able speech, that if we could have retained *intact* the law of last year, much as it is maligned, I should have been very glad. I believe it is a better law, fairly and energetically enforced, than that presented by Mr. BROWNE. Indeed, if I mistake not, Mr. BROWNE is of the same opinion. But some movement must be made to head off the whisky-loving Democrats of the lower branch, else we were in danger of loosing everything, and of having the flood-gates of intemperance opened upon us. Mr. BROWNE and the majority of the Senate did the best they could in the circumstances in which they were placed, and all praise is their due. They found that the majority of the House were sold body and soul to the Liquor League, and they must counteract their evil doings so far as they were able. They have done so. They have brought these bogus Democrats to terms, and prevented a great deal of mischief which it was in their hearts to do.

After Mr. BROWNE'S bill passed the Senate, it was, of course, sent to the House for concurrence. There it was referred to a committee, who, after making several amendments favoring the Juggers and the Jugites, reported it to the House. While it was under discussion, Mr. Speaker WRIGHT fearing lest the reins should be drawn too tight, and the disciples of Bacchus who frequent our restaurants and eating-houses, should not get enough of "*good brandy O*," left the Speaker's chair, and made an earnest speech in favor of granting licenses to these resorts to sell spirituous liquors. This I regarded as a grave and great offence, an offence against morality, good order, and the peace of the community. Mr. WRIGHT knew at the time, that a very large proportion of the disorders, riots, personal assaults, bickerings, and crimes with which this community is burdened and afflicted, originate in the drunken loaferism of these resorts. He *knew* that a vast majority of sober, respect-

able, industrious citizens are strongly opposed to the measure he advocated. He knew that drinking men and dissolute women are taken from these places to the lock-up and to prison.

In view of the flagrant wrong which he *attempted*, but happily failed in accomplishing, I addressed to him the following letter :

PHILADELPHIA, March 10, 1856.

RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, Esq.,

Speaker of the House of Representatives :

My Dear Sir,—The action of the majority of the body over which you preside, on the liquor question, has greatly grieved many of the friends of the temperance reform. Mr. BROWNE's bill, as it went from the Senate, was as well adapted to check and restrain the desolating evils of intemperance as any license law that could be framed. If we must have a license law at all, give us one at least as stringent in its provisions as that drawn up by Mr. BROWNE. The committee appointed by yourself to take this bill into consideration, went a great way to weaken, emascuate and destroy its power. But what was our surprise to learn that you left the Speaker's chair, and, by an earnest speech, endeavored to destroy *all* the practical benefits of this bill, by making it lawful to license our eating-houses and restaurants to deal in alcoholic drinks ! These places of resort have long been the bane and the curse of our city, and you certainly have the means of knowing it. You stated in your speech, so it is said, that you had represented Philadelphia for four years, and you knew the heart of the Democracy, and that this measure was demanded by faithful Democrats in this city. You will permit me to say that you are most grievously mistaken in your representation of the views and wishes of the true, enlightened bona fide Democracy. It is the *sham* Democracy, the rowdy, slam-bang part that don't understand the *first* principles of Democracy, who are clamoring for licenses to be granted to our restaurants and eating-houses. I am ashamed of the Democratic members from this city. They are abusing the confidence reposed in them by an honest, confiding constituency. They are misrepresenting the people.

You seem to think that the result of the last October election, by which you and your brother Democrats were chosen to seats in the Legislature, is clear proof that the people agree with you in desiring to open the flood-gates of intemperance upon us. Permit me to say, you were never more entirely mistaken. In the last October election, the liquor question was made subordinate to another issue, which you very well

understand. If you, and those from Philadelphia who act with you on the temperance question, were before the people to-day, and *that* should be the issue presented, you would be beaten by thousands of votes, and you ought to have discernment enough to know it.

But your effort, earnest as it was, to turn our eating-houses into pestiferous dram shops, failed. Good, thrice good. Thanks to E. JOY MORRIS, Esq., for his noble stand. Why was it that he drove you into so tight a corner that you almost squealed out in agony? Why, in attempting to reply, did you make such a poor fist of it, and hesitate and stammer, and sit down discomfited! Just because Mr. MORRIS, on this subject, *was in the right, and you were in the wrong.*

Mr. BROWNE's bill, as he reported it, contained wise and excellent provisions, so far as a mere license bill can be. But the amendments of the House, and especially those advocated by yourself, would make it infamous and intolerable. What an opportunity you and your brother Demoerats had to show that you are the friends of virtue, of morality, of good order, and of Temperance! And yet *what have you shown!* That you are the friends of rowdyism, riot, and rum; the friends of the terrible desolations caused by the rum traffic; the friends of those infamous resorts where wives are beggared and children are made orphans! If you suppose this is Demoeracy, you are woefully blinded and sadly mistaken. The true Demoerats of Philadelphia will vindicate themselves, *at the proper time*, from the aspersions which you and your colleagues have attempted to throw upon them. *We will not consent to stand before the community as the friends and patrons of grog shops and beer houses.* Rely upon it, we will clear ourselves of this hurtful, opprobrious stigma. We will show that Demoeracy is not identified with riot and every earthly abomination.

JOHN CHAMBERS.

Mr. WRIGHT published in the Pennsylvanian this reply:

House of Representatives, March 11, 1856.

WILLIAM RICE, Esq.,

Respected Friend.—In the *Sun* of to-day, I find a *characteristic* letter from the Rev. JOHN CHAMBERS, to the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The letter abounds in charges and statements which have no foundation in truth.

While the amendments to the License Bill were under discussion in the House, I was constrained by a sense of duty, as a consistent friend of Temperance, to express my views there-

on, and advocate such measures as I thought best calculated to remedy existing evils, without infringing on the rights of the people, or defiling the statute book with laws *too grievous to be borne*—laws which their authors and advocates are conscious cannot be enforced.

I did so in language pertinent, proper and truthful. Whether my arguments were sound or otherwise, I will leave the unbiased judgment of the honest and unprejudiced portion of my audience to determine. I did not then associate, nor have I ever on the floor of the House, or in private conversation associated the Temperance movement or the License question with the Democratic party in any way, shape, or form; the Rev. JOHN CHAMBERS and those who supply him with his facts, to the contrary notwithstanding.

In my course of action on this or any other question, I will not be intimidated by the shallow sophistry of a time serving politician, or the Billingsgate of a notoriety hunting moral desperado, even though he assume the clerical garb, and desecrate the pulpit with his uncharitable ravings.

I have never been the advocate of the doctrine that men can be made sober, temperate, or honest by a mere legislative enactment. Yet I have, by precept and example, endeavored to persuade them to practise in their daily walk, those virtues which tend to "*exalt a nation.*"

I confess I am not enthusiastic enough to believe for a moment that by an act of Assembly, I could compel even JOHN CHAMBERS to *adhere* to the "*dead letter of honesty*" in his statements, or from the pulpit, or through the press exhibit the propriety of language and deportment which should adorn the Christian gentleman.

Truly, your friend,

RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT.

I rejoined in the following letter:

PHILADELPHIA, March 15th, 1856.

RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, ESQ.,

Speaker of the House of Representatives:

My Dear Sir,—Your letter, addressed to me through the columns of the *Pennsylvanian* of to-day, received my respectful consideration, as I trust this will secure yours. First, as to the caustic, biting part of it. "*Time-serving politician,*" "*Billingsgate notoriety,*" "*moral desperado,*" "*uncharitable ravings,*" "*statements which have no foundation in truth,*" &c. Now, Mr. Speaker, if you *can afford* to employ such epithets, I can afford to have them heaped upon me. They do not disturb my equanimity or ruffle my temper in the

slightest degree. It is always unfortunate for a man to fly into a passion, but it is peculiarly so when he is writing for the eye of the public, and the scrutiny of intelligent men. Anybody can call hard names. Our women in the fish market can beat you all hollow in multiplying opprobrious epithets, so that no honor or capital can be gained on that score. You will, Mr. Speaker, please bear this in mind when you write your next letter for the public papers. Keep your temper at any cost. Don't be so anxious to call hard names, that you lose your self control.

Secondly, let us look at one or two more *important* matters. You say "I was constrained by a sense of duty, as a consistent friend of Temperance, to advocate such measures as I thought best calculated to remedy existing evils, &c. "Consistent friend of Temperance!" Let us see. You and your Democratic colleagues, pending the election last October, proclaimed yourselves the "consistent friends of Temperance." If the dear people would only elect you, you would give them a better law than the act to "restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors." And what did you do? A bill was introduced to repeal, *unconditionally*, the act of last year. Messrs. MORRIS and DOCK objected to that, and insisted that a "bill should be introduced to take the place of that act before it was repealed." And what did you and your Democratic colleagues do? Voted for the *unconditional* repeal of the act of last year, opening the flood-gates of intemperance and ruin upon the community. Your names stand upon the record, and you cannot gainsay it. Every one of you deserved at the time the indignant rebukes of an injured and insulted constituency.

But thanks to N. B. BROWNE, and a majority of the Senate, the flagrant wrongs of the House were checked. A stringent license bill was introduced and passed by that body. When it was sent to the House for concurrence, what did you then do? You advocated those amendments which would have destroyed the vitality and the beneficial effects of Mr. BROWNE's bill, and would have made it a weak, inefficient, wishy washy thing, almost worthless as to all practical purposes. This you did as a "*consistent friend of Temperance!*" Do you not think the Liquor League would give a heap of money to have *just such "friends of Temperance"* sent every year to the Legislature?

It will not do, Mr. Speaker, to throw dust, and try to hoodwink the people in this way. I say it openly and publicly, that you and your Democratic brethren from Philadelphia, have misrepresented the people, and abused the confidence reposed in you. You are good representatives of the Liquor League,

and I commend you all to their special regard. They ought to take good care of you, for you have been faithful to their interests. Do you say this is a hard allegation? Look at your *recorded* votes, and judge. It is no use to be mealy mouthed about this matter. It is true, and everybody knows it, that every Democratic member from this city in the House and the Senate, excepting N. B. BROWNE, Esq., (noble specimen of humanity!) has bowed down and worshipped at the shrine of the Liquor League.

I want the *people* distinctly to understand that you left the Speaker's chair and earnestly advocated the *granting of licenses to our restaurants and eating houses, to sell ardent spirits*. You and your Democratic colleagues from this city *voted* for this measure, while you and they know full well that in these places, *in consequence of the maddening effects of rum*, a vast amount of disorder, wrangling, riot and fighting, is constantly occurring. You and they know equally well, that a vast majority of the people of Philadelphia are most decidedly opposed to granting licenses to these places to sell alcoholic drinks. Why did you do it? To gratify the Liquor League and the rummies? That was the reason, and you cannot deny it. Let the Liquor League take care of you and your Democratic brethren, for it is quite certain you have forfeited the respect and confidence of sober, virtuous, intelligent, temperate citizens. After all this, you speak of yourself in your letter as a "*consistent friend of Temperance!*" Fudge, Mr. Speaker, all fudge. We are not to be fooled in this way.

JOHN CHAMBERS.

As I had got my hand in, I concluded to make a "clean breast" of it, and penned the following "*epistle general*," to the Democratic representatives from Philadelphia. It may seem a little tart, but they richly deserve all this, and a great deal more. The course they have pursued admits of no justification or excuse. They have misrepresented their constituents, (always excepting the Liquor League,) and betrayed the confidence reposed in them. They have joined hands with the Juggers and the Jugites, and to their special care and regard I commend them, with this advice. When you are again before the people for office, tell them frankly and honestly, you are on the side of rum!! Come out like men and show your hand! Don't make any professions of Temperance, for nobody will believe you. I like to see men "face the music," but it is the meanest of all things to go simpering and whimpering about Temperance to Temperance men, and rum to rum

men, and this and that and the other, *just as circumstances require*, to see how many dupes can be fooled!

That you may be kept prominently before the people, and that no man may take *your glory* from you, I hereby give you, at my own expense, a standing advertisement. When you again want the votes of your fellow citizens, you will, in return for my kindness, scatter among them this pamphlet, and "*you will see what you will see.*" GEORGE SMITH, AARON COBURN, RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, JOSEPH HUNEKER, JOHN MCCARTHY, C. M. LEISENRING, CHARLES CARTHY, JOHN HANCOCK, JOHN ROBERTS, T. YEARDSLEY, SAM'L A. HIBBS, JOHN THOMPSON, and FREDERICK J. WALTER.

The following is the letter of which I have spoken:

PHILADELPHIA, March 14, 1856.

Fellow Democrats,—I see from the vote taken in the House on the amendments to Mr. BROWNE'S bill you all voted in favor of granting licenses to restaurants, eating-houses and oyster-cellars. In all conscience it is bad enough to license a house for the entertainment of strangers and travellers, to sell intoxicating liquors as a beverage, but to throw the sanction of law around mere drinking houses, is absolutely monstrous. I presume most, if not all, of you are husbands and fathers. Now, gentlemen, I appeal to you whether you do not know it to be a *fact*, that by means of the liquor sold and drank in those places—and that too without *one* exception—men, old and young, rich and poor, merchant and mechanic, are being ruined for time and eternity? Do you not know that those liquor shops are the daily and nightly rendezvous of white and black, male and female? Do you not know that women are employed in some of those *dens of infamy and death*, to deal out the "liquid fire and distilled damnation?" Do you not *know*, too, that those females are dressed in the most indecent manner? Do you not *know* that in many of those maelstroms on the coast of hell, there are the most *obscene* and *vulgar* paintings and pictures? Did you not *all* know when you gave that fearful—and to civilized and Christian men—disgraceful vote, that *all* of those infamous places are making *drunkards* by the gross? Do you not know that not a few of our best merchants, many of our first mechanics, multitudes of our best salesmen and clerks, and scores of our apprentice boys, are being ruined by your liquor sellers? Do you not *personally know* men who for years have been industrious and thrifty; the best of husbands and fathers, who have been totally destroyed, their kind hearts alienated from their wives and children, and themselves and

families reduced to poverty, and the most abject want, by the keepers of those very houses you wish to perpetuate? Do you not *all* know widows, who have been left with a comfortable competency, whose sons have been ruined by those *precious pets* of yours, the Philadelphia Jugers? Shame! shame! shame! I challenge you, *one* or *all* of you, to point out *any* benefit those drinking saloons are to the community, the family or the individual. Nay, gentlemen, there is not a man among you who does not know as certainly as that the sun shines at noon tide—that without *one* exception, every drinking-shop in this city is destroying forever, more or less of our fellow men. You know that woman, lovely woman, as wife and mother is reduced to a condition, worse than that of the most abject slave on earth, by the drunkenness of the husband. You *know*, that hundreds of innocent children are found in the dead of winter, in this great city, without *bread*, or clothing, or fuel, brought about directly by the liquor shops, which *you*, with your most *affectionate* and *tender, loving, paternal* hearts wish to perpetuate among us, that the same business of death, poverty, and destruction may be carried on. God pity you! what are your hearts made of!

Democrats of the House of Representatives from the county of Philadelphia, have you no ear for the wailing and lamentation of those wives and mothers whose crushed and bleeding hearts, cry to you in your legislative capacity, to save them and their suffering, starving little ones from final ruin? Will you not heed the wailings of that widow, the staff of whose right hand is being cut down by the jugers? Can you, O men! pass by on the other side, and hear in almost every street, lane and alley in our city, the cry, “Mother, I am hungry,” when that mother has not the means of relief, and you not feel—and at the same time *know* as you do, to a *man*, that nineteen-twentieths of *all* their hunger and squalid poverty is produced by your *special favorites*, the jugers, whom you wish to multiply and perpetuate?

Gentlemen, when wave after wave rolled over the wide Atlantic, from the shores of famine-stricken Ireland, freighted with the cry of hunger, from hoary age to lisping infancy, did not your purses leap from your pockets for their relief; and would you not to a man have voted to prohibit the cause of famine, if in your power? Again, when pestilence, like a burning tide, swept over Norfolk, Portsmouth and Gosport, were not the bowels of your compassion moved for suffering humanity? Would you not, to a man, have voted for the removal, yea, the prohibition of the cause of the deadly mias-

ma? Now then, you have a glorious opportunity in which you may display your humanity—if the jugers have not bought it all up. Now you may stand up, and like men, vote to shut up nine-tenths of those poverty-making, crime-creating and soul-damning liquor shops. If, *Democrats from the county of Philadelphia*, if it is a *peculiar* gratification to you to look upon groups of squalid poverty, crowds of criminals and thousands of women and children in a worse condition than that of widowhood and orphanage or a thousand fold over, let me say to you, it is no gratification to a *vast* majority of your fellow-citizens; and if you will not aid the community in freeing itself from the blighting curse of rum, we will aid the people in voting you the privilege of staying at home!

Dearlly as I love Democracy, and wedded as I am to Democratic principles, I would rather never see a Democrat sent to the Legislature of our State, if they will disgrace themselves and the noble party by upholding *drunkenness*, which *each* of you have done by your votes, to continue open, under the sanction of law, oyster cellars, restaurants and eating houses. It is bad enough, Heaven knows, to license *any* place for the vile purpose of rumselling, but to grant such special privileges is monstrous.

Why is it, gentlemen, that we Democrats boast of our Jeffersonianism and Jacksonism, and yet are so unlike them? Mr. Jefferson said expressly, that if he had his time to serve over again, as President, he would not appoint any man to office who used intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Think you then, gentlemen, if Thomas Jefferson had occupied the place either of you do, he would have voted to license three or four thousand more drunkeries? Never! His noble Democratic soul would have scorned such vileness. All the gold in California could not have bought his vote, much less the tear-blistered dollars of the infamous Philadelphia Liquor League. What a *fanatic* was Mr. Jefferson! You, gentlemen, could not give your support to so *mad* a man! No, no! Nor would I be at all surprised if *rum* Democracy should use *all* their influence to defeat N. B. BROWNE, Esq., if he be a candidate for the Senate again.

Let me again, for your information, repeat a circumstance which occurred with the man who got the first vote I ever cast—I mean that man of men, that patriot of patriots, Andrew Jackson. When on a visit to Washington, in company with three of my boys, we spent an evening with the glorious old chieftain. When I introduced the boys to him, and after a brief conversation, the President ascertained that neither of them

would TOUCH, or TASTE even, wine as a beverage, the good old man rising from his chair, put his hands upon their head, and said: "God bless you, my lads—hold on to that and you are safe; I have not drank a glass of intoxicating liquor for twenty years." What a *fanatic* in your estimation was that model of a man, and model Democrat. Thank God for such fanaticism, because it is that, and that *only* which will save the Democracy from ruin. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."

Your fellow-citizen,

JOHN CHAMBERS.

A FEW CLOSING WORDS.

Who can survey the terrible desolations made by intemperance without feeling that it is the *monster* vice of the age, a woful scourge, an unmitigated curse!

Sir MATTHEW HALE, the great light of the English bench, said many years ago, "If all the murders, manslaughters and crimes which have been committed during the twenty years I have been on the bench, were divided into *five* parts, *four* of them would be found to have resulted from intemperance."

A distinguished French lawyer said, "Of *eleven hundred* and *twenty* murders committed in France during four years, *four hundred* and *forty-six* were the consequences of quarrels in tippling houses."

A coroner of London said, "I think intoxication is the cause of one-half of the inquests that are held in this metropolis."

Chief Justice PARSONS said, "I have been so long in the habit of hearing *criminals* of *all grades* refer all their miseries to intemperance, that I have ceased to ask them the cause of their ruin."

S. CHIPMAN, Esq., who visited every penitentiary, jail and work-house in the State of New York, in search of facts, stated that in his opinion more than *five-sixths* of the persons committed on criminal charges are intemperate."

HUGH MAXWELL, Esq., of New York city, has stated, that of the *twenty* cases of murder tried by him while prosecuting attorney, *every one* was caused by intemperance."

The celebrated Dr. RUSH says, "Spirituuous liquors destroy more lives than the sword. War has its intervals of destruction, but spirits operate at all times and seasons upon human life."

J. C. PARK, Esq., county attorney for Suffolk, stated that

three-fourths of the criminal cases in that county, to which his attention was called, resulted from the use of intoxicating drinks.

The Grand Jury of Boston stated in their report some time since, that *three-fourths* of the cases that came before them, originated in the dram-shops of the city.

Look at our own city. It appears by the Official Report of the Mayor, that during the past year, *eleven thousand two hundred and thirty-four* persons were arrested for intemperance *alone*. In the same period there were committed to prison in the city of New York, as shown by the presentment of the Grand Jury, *thirty-six thousand two hundred and sixty-four* persons, of whom *thirty-two thousand seven hundred and three* were intemperate drinkers!

In view of these and similar facts who are interested in putting a check upon the drinking customs that prevail?

Drunkards, who, as nine out of ten of them earnestly wish, will no longer be exposed to temptation.

Temperate drinkers, so called, who will no longer be in danger of becoming drunkards.

Parents whose children, *wives* whose husbands, *sisters* whose brothers, *friends* whose friends will measurably be safe.

Employers, whose laborers will work more steadily and profitably.

The *employed*, who will save his money, and be every way better, wiser and happier.

TAX-PAYERS, who are now so heavily burdened to support inebriates. A few facts lie before me of the amount of taxation in several of the counties of New York. Tax in Clinton county thirty-seven thousand three hundred and eighty-four dollars. Paid on account of intemperance, *ten thousand* dollars, or 27 per cent. of the entire tax. Tax of Seneca county, thirty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. To support the victims of intemperance, *seven thousand five hundred* dollars, or 24 per cent. Tax of Jefferson county, seventy-one thousand six hundred and ninety-six dollars. On account of intemperance, *twenty thousand* dollars, or 28 per cent. Tax of Niagara county, twenty-four thousand one hundred and forty dollars. For intemperance, *sixteen thousand* dollars, or 66 per cent. Tax of Erie county, one hundred and four thousand eight hundred and thirty-four dollars. To support the victims of intemperance *seventy thousand* dollars, or 68 per cent. So it runs. Our rum tax in this State is not, proportionably, one cent less.

Travellers and transporters by rail-roads and steam-boats,

whose lives and property are endangered by the stupidity or recklessness of drinking men, are interested in a reform.

Every patriot is interested, every *philanthropist*, whose heart will rejoice in him to see the victims of rum, clothed and in their right minds; beggared, beaten, starving and wretched families restored to plenty and comfort; and the whole community placed in an advanced position to run a noble career of prosperity, happiness and glory.

Note also a specimen of the crimes which rum instigates, and the law punishes.

Jan. 1, '56.—A young man in the city of New York, in a fit of temporary insanity, caused by intemperance, rushed in his night clothes upon the roof of a house, in Cherry street, and sprung down a chimney, where he was found weeks after, a frozen corpse.

Jan. 2.—Charles W. Snead, of Henrico county, Virginia, was arrested by constable Montague, on the charge of cutting his wife's throat, with the intention of murdering her. Snead admitted the commission of the deed, and offered no excuse for it. For a number of years he was a member of the Richmond night watch, and proved himself a most valuable officer. Habits of intemperance made him an infuriated ruffian.

Jan. 8.—Mrs. Thompson, of Broome, Schoharie county, left the house with an infant, a girl of twelve years of age and a boy of seven, on account of the violence of her husband, in liquor. She was out all night. Mrs. Thompson, the infant, and the boy perished. The girl survived, with the loss of two toes on each foot.

Jan. 27.—David McLean, shut up in one of the cells in the Tombs, New York city, was so severely beaten by Michael Collins, both committed for intoxication, that he died before morning.

Jan. 29.—William McCormick was put into a cell at a station-house in New York, grossly intoxicated. In the morning he was found dead.

Jan. 31.—Michael McLaughlin was killed at a drinking house kept by Barker in New York, in a drinking fight.

William Pentland, while intoxicated, fell into the fire and was burned to death.

Feb. 15.—An aged man, named McGrath, was killed at the Five Points, New York, by a drunken rowdy named Jerry O'Conner. McGrath gave no provocation.

March 18.—A man by the name of Shordon, under the influence of liquor, staggered on the railroad at Lancaster, was

caught by a freight train passing slowly by, and so severely injured that he died soon after.

March 23.—A Mrs. Ward, of Madison county, N. Y., murdered her four children and made an unsuccessful effort to cut her own throat. The brutality of a drunken husband was the cause.

Now, my brother Democrats, in the Legislature and *elsewhere*, answer me, Who are the fanatics, those who war against the giant evil intemperance; or those who foster, countenance, and encourage it? Who are the friends of the widow and the orphan, the poor and the outcast? the juggers and the jugites? or those who do what they can to close our dram-shops and stay that burning tide which scathes and blasts and destroys in its desolating march? *Who are the fanatics*, who are the mad men in this controversy where you and I so much differ? Speak out gentlemen. Express your sober, honest convictions. Ask your *wives* and children, ask your own *consciences* in view of that day when every mask will be thrown off, every disguise will be removed, and every sophistry be exposed, who is right, you or your opponents?

Look for a moment at the following extract from a memorial addressed to the Legislature of Ohio, by citizens of Portage county, on the evils of intemperance:

“And yet its march of ruin is onward still! It reaches abroad to others—invades the family and social circles—and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in its vigor—manhood in its strength—and age in its weakness. It breaks the father’s heart—bereaves the doting mother—extinguishes natural affection—erases conjugal love—blots out filial attachment—blights parental hope—and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows—children orphans—fathers fiends—and all of them paupers and beggars. It hails fevers—feeds rheumatism—nurses gout—welcomes epidemics—invites cholera—imparts pestilence, and embraces consumptions. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails—supplies your almshouses—and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies—fosters quarrels—and cherishes riots. It contemns law—spurns order—and loves mobs. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler—the aliment of the counterfeiter—the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar—respects the thief—and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation—reverences frauds—and

honors infamy. It defames benevolence—hates love—seorns virtue—and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his offspring—helps the husband to massacre his wife—and aids the child to grind his paracidal axe. It burns up man—consumes woman—detests life—curses God—and despises Heaven. It suborns witnesses—nurses perjury—defiles the jury box—and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes—disqualifies voters—corrupts elections—pollutes our institutions—and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen—debases the legislator—dishonors the statesman—and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And now, as with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity—kills peace—ruins morals—blights confidence—slays reputation—and wipes out national honor; then curses the world, and laughs at its ruin.”

And now a closing word of comfort to the Democratic members of the House of Representatives from this city.

I can imagine you all in sack-cloth and ashes. You are *all* doomed men, in spite of your speeches and votes. You are doomed to see less drunkenness, less poverty, fewer children without food and raiment, fewer widows with broken hearts, fewer wives and innocent children abused by husbands and fathers brutalized by rum. Is it any marvel that you all stormed and raved at the passage of Mr. Browne's bill. If any of you are fathers, with daughters married and cursed with that curse of curses, a drunken husband, you may be doomed to see that woman happy. If any of you have brothers addicted to that meanest and lowest of vices, drunkenness, you may be doomed to see them, instead of lying perishing on a snow bank in mid-winter, comfortably seated by their own hearth-stone, sober and in their right minds. What a calamity this would be to you who went in so fiercely for free rum! Thirty days *crape* on the left-arm, members from the city of Philadelphia, in token of your deep regret that drunkenness and crime will in all human probability be greatly diminished! Had the law been of such a character as to stay the whole tide of drunkenness, the presumption is, you would *all* have died of apoplexy!

What wild fanaticism, as my friend Gen. Bowman would say, it is to save men from ruin! How anti-Democratic and full of wild fire it is to *better* the condition of the humble poor! Well, gentlemen, from the city of Philadelphia, you may and can comfort yourselves with the reflection that *you*, at least, have done what you could by your *speeches* and *votes* to hand

down the curse of rum, in all its crime-creating and poverty-making consequences. You can console yourselves that if there are *fewer* swelled heads, fewer wife-whippers, fewer cruel and brutal fathers and mothers, fewer vagabond sons, fewer men and women sent to prison and the alms house, fewer souls for ever cast out from the presence of God, the fault is not yours, you did what you could to keep the ranks of *poverty* and *crime* filled up. And *you* call this Demoeraey, do you, gentlemen? Heaven save the mark! What respectable Democrat in the State of Pennsylvania does not feel that your speeches and votes on the liquor question were vile slanders upon the noble old party! That you have carried out the views of the Democratic party, I deny. That you did what you could to further the interests and wishes of your task-masters, the men of the *rum* League, I admit; but thanks to N. B. BROWNE and a majority of the Senate, you have been restrained from doing *all* the mischief you contemplated and desired. You have been *headed off* and *hedged in*. I pity you. I know you feel badly, but you have none to blame but yourselves. The old adage is strikingly verified in your case; "QUEM DEUS VULT PERDERE, PRIUS QUAM DEMENTIT."

JOHN CHAMBERS.

Philadelphia, April 10th, 1856.